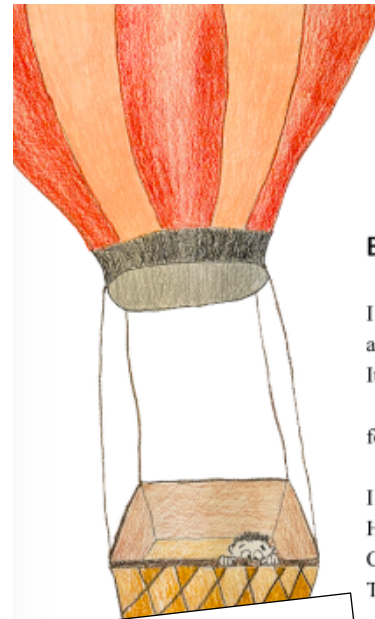




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Balloon Ride

I bet the view was wonderful,
an endless countryside.
It's why I bugged and bugged
my mom
for tickets for the ride.

I imagine roads were spiderwebs.
Humans small as ants.
Cars were probably jelly beans.
The trees like baby plants.

I would guess that's what it
looked like
had I leaned across the edge.
But I preferred to just imagine
from the floor instead.

My mom described the views I
missed
but one thing that I found:
When I am up so very high
I've no need to look down.

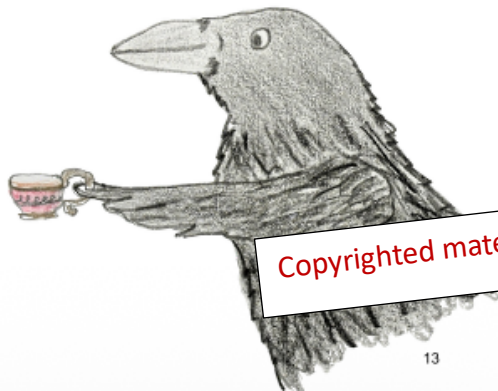
Crow's Tea Party

The crows are having tea today,
a grand soiree, so debonair.
They're dressed in sleek and formal black.
I climb the tree and join them there.

We sit among such pretty things,
ribbons, trash and bones they've found.
We crack crow jokes, we play crow games,
we hurl crow insults to the ground.

We dine together, crows and I,
on berry compotes, roadkill tarts.
Then loud but friendly we debate
crow politics, crow sports and arts.

The crows are having tea today,
a treetop rich with revelry.
And this is all what might have been
if only they'd invited me.



Hung Out to Dry

After bathtime, all I did
was help dry off my brother.
It isn't fair that now I'm in
big trouble from my mother.

I found a good spot in the sun.
Used clothespins that were strong.
I spaced them all out evenly.
So what did I do wrong?

Fussy Lou

He doesn't eat carrots.
He doesn't eat beans.
He doesn't eat yellows.
He doesn't eat greens.
He doesn't eat lumpy stuff.
Doesn't eat fruits.
He doesn't eat things
that had eyes or had roots.
He doesn't eat round things.
Doesn't eat squares.
He doesn't eat parsnips,
or pudding, or pears.
He doesn't eat sour things.
Doesn't eat spices.
He doesn't eat things
in a bowl or in slices.
He doesn't eat eggplant.
Won't eat celery.
He doesn't like foods
if they start with a 'T'.



So Fussy Lou sits
and stares at his plate.
Four hours have passed.
He's losing some weight.
He's growing more tired,
more hungry, and thinner.
So he stopped being Fussy—
until after dinner.

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